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VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1879.

NUMBER 5.

POETRY.

A CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching his sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland-tree,
Down falls a little dream on thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little ones are the lambs, I guess,
And the pale moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The sky is covered with sheep,
And up and down the field so bright,
Both sheep and shepherdess roam all night.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The Saviour loves his sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sins came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
For thou art one of His sheep.
May holy angels guard thy bed,
And strew sweet dreams around thy head.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

AMONG EASTERN MUTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—During a recent
trip east, many deaf-mutes whom I
met urged me to embody in writing,
and send you, my observations and im-
pressions. I half-promised to do so,
and you have what follows as a re-
sult.

My first stopping place on the jour-
ney was Philadelphia. Here I stayed
four days, calling twice at the insti-
tution for mutes. I visited three or four
classes, talking freely with their teach-
ers as regarding the studies pursued
and feel fully assured, from what I
saw, that this institution has some of
the very best teachers in the land. I
say this as a fact, not as an empty
compliment. My expectation was to
be present at the Sunday services, but
bad health prevented. Mrs. B. went,
however, and afterwards spoke very
highly of the manner and matter of
Professor Weed's lecture. I regretted
not to have seen him, for he had been
principal of the Wisconsin institution,
if I mistake not, and I was not aware
he was in Philadelphia. I managed
to attend the service in St. Stephen's
Church, conducted by Rev. H. V. Syle.
The number present was good, and
their manner and appearance very
favorable, indicating intelligence and
success in life. Then, and afterwards
in the evening, at the residence of
Mr. Syle, I found him well educated,
intelligent, and modest—too modest,
I thought, for the world we live in.
He certainly has great merits.

My next stopping place was Mystic,
Conn., at the residence of Mr. Jared
A. Ayres. He was an associate teacher
with me in Hartford more than
forty years ago, and Mrs. Ayres was
one of my pupils. Their residence is
delightful, park-like, with natural
water-falls, ponds, etc. In the vicini-
ty are several lakes. One evening
we had all these at the mansion of
Mr. Ayres. Among them was Mrs.
Derby, who entered the Hartford
school in 1817. She and her sister,
Mrs. Lamb, whom I met some weeks
later, are specimens of active and vi-
gorous old age. From Mrs. Derby I
gathered the following, she appearing
to have kept close tracks of her
school-mates of sixty-one years ago.
She says only four of the thirty-two
who entered school in 1817 are living.
They are: Maria Bailey, now Mrs.
Washington Lamb, aged 81, living in
Norwich, Conn.; Harriet Bailey, sister
of the above, now Mrs. Edmund Der-
by, aged 76, living in Mystic, Conn.;
Eliza C. Boardman, widow of Laurent
Clare, aged 84, now living in Hart-
ford; George Comstock, aged 82, now
living in Newport, R. I. I may add
that Mrs. Derby and Mrs. Lamb, the
two sisters, are good humored and
talkative as though they were not over
forty. To all appearances, they will
live twenty years longer. They are
good specimens of people growing old
and carrying their years lightly. They
are as ready for a jest or a laugh as
the best of us. Such old people are a
blessing to the world.

While here with Mrs. B. and some
of Mr. Ayres' family, I took a ride out
to the Whipple school, where articulation
is taught to deaf-mutes. There
were twelve pupils, boys and girls.
Many parents having deaf children,
are naturally anxious to hear the little
ones speak. As I looked at the class,
their somewhat frightened faces, as
though unused to the presence of
strangers, the process of teaching, the
total absence of signs in both teacher
and pupils, I could not help thinking
the best thing would be to send them
to Hartford. There, at least, they
would have a chance to develop the
freedom of intellect, which seemed
wanting in the Mystic school, and
could also learn articulation under the
teacher specially appointed for that
branch.

Our next point was Boston, but of
that hereafter. It had been given out
that a meeting of mutes would be held
at Amherst, N. H., on the 10th of

November, and Mrs. B. and I resolved
to go. On the train we became ac-
quainted with Mr. Tillinghast, Mr.
Packard, and several others. Some
details of the proceedings at Amherst
have already appeared in the JOURNAL,
and I will not repeat. On Saturday
evening and on Sunday morning, af-
ternoon, and evening various persons
made addresses. For the Sabbath
services Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, an
associate of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, acted
as interpreter, and performed his part
with clearness, dignity and grace of
manner, and to universal acceptance.
But, aside from all this, the chief
charm of the occasion was, to me, its
social aspect. Here I met Thomas
Brown and John O. David, who were
with me in Hartford half a century
ago. Mr. David and his wife were my
classmates under Laurent Clerc, and
Mrs. David was then and is now a
jewel of a woman. To her and to
Mrs. George Kent and her two
daughters much praise is due for the
pleasure afforded, and the men cer-
tainly ought not to carry off all the
honors. The originator of the
meeting was George Kent, whom I
knew well at Hartford. He is wealthy,
and arranged for the accommo-
dation of all. Mrs. B. and I, together
with Tillinghast and Packard, were
guests of Mr. and Mrs. David. Where
or how Mr. Kent stowed away all the
rest I do not know. On Sunday eve-
ning, after a brief service, we all as-
sembled at Mr. Kent's spacious man-
sion, and had a right royal good time
in conversation and addresses. Next
morning all were gone save Mrs. B.,
myself and Thomas Brown, the last
staying at my request. This gave us,
Brown, David, and myself, three old
cronies as it were, ample opportunity
for conversation. With the recollec-
tions of half a century crowding upon
us, I suspect we thought and felt more
than we talked.

Among the agreeable incidents here
was the meeting with several of my
former pupils. They had nearly out-
grown my ability to recognize them,
but they were so many that, at last,
Mr. Tillinghast asked if Noah, Shem,
Ham and Japhet were my pupils!

From Amherst to Newburyport was
a railroad ride of a few hours. Here,
one evening, at the residence of Mrs.
B.'s sister, we had an assemblage of
the mutes of that town. Among them
were Mr. and Mrs. Atwood, Mr. and
Mrs. John Poor—these two last hav-
ing been my pupils—and several
others. The meeting passed pleasantly.

In Boston I attended the religious
services of the mutes in Boylston Hall
on two Sundays, and one of their so-
cial and lecture gatherings on Wednes-
day evening. The Boston mutes are
not to be judged by the standard pre-
vailing elsewhere. Boston is the
Athens of America. Periodicals like
the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North
American Review* could be sustained in
no other city on this continent.
Along Washington and other streets
circulating libraries and news depots
are frequent. It is in and around
Boston that we find the leading think-
ers of the nation. Everybody reads,
and the Boston mutes partake of the
intense mental activity and freedom.
I saw this illustrated at their meet-
ings. They organize from the neces-
sity of their nature, hold religious ser-
vices, and attend lectures for a year
or two, and then something happens
to disturb the harmony, and there is
an explosion. After a while they
come together again under new or
modified conditions, and all goes well
till their mental volcano becomes too
active or some jar occurs and scatters
them again. Still they cannot live apart
and must reorganize. And so it goes on.

They have some really good resident
preachers who are mutes. I can now
name only two, Messrs. Holmes and
Kenniston. As a Bible-class leader,
Mrs. Lynde is a splendid success. She
is intelligent, self-possessed, graceful,
and void of affectation. I do not be-
lieve a man could hold the attention
of the class half as well. His rough,
rude ways would thin the members
out in a week.

In Boston I met George Homer,
one of my school acquaintances of
fifty years ago. He, like others, re-
tains much of the characteristics of
his boyhood—disputativeness, kind-
ness, and geniality. Mrs. Homer
is a pleasant lady, and interested me
greatly.

Old Hartford is too well known to
require much space. I am largely in-
debted to Mr. Edward C. Stone, the
principal, and to the teachers and
matron for their kindness during my
visit. Mr. Bartlett is the only one of
my associates still remaining in serv-
ice. He retains his vigor and anima-
tion as at forty. He is now over sev-
enty. Miss Mann, now over thirty
years a teacher, was one of my pupils.
Mr. Turner, on whom I called, has
grown gray, and wears gold specta-
cles, and these are the only changes I
noticed. He still loves his joke as well
as ever. Mrs. Turner looks hand-
somer and more matronly. Mrs.
Clerc, on whom I called with Mr.
Bird, one of the teachers, was reclin-

ing, supported by pillows. She looked
natural as forty years ago, knew me,
and we had a few minutes of pleasant
conversation. She said she was not
sick, but "growing old," spelling the
last words on her fingers. I was glad
to see her looking so well. I must
not forget to mention that Miss Green-
law, the matron, seems to fill her place
admirably, and this is the testimony
of teachers as well as my own observa-
tion. Of all the thirteen teachers of
half a century ago not one remains,
and only two are living.

On Saturday morning, with Mr.
Weeks, I started for Norwich, where
he lectured the next day, and so well
that I am sure they will have him
again. There were some fifteen or
eighteen mutes from all quarters.
Service over, they proposed regular
monthly lectures, but this proposal
did not appear acceptable to the
majority. A better plan would be to
hold meetings at different business
centers in that part of the State, once
a month or once in two months. In
this way those unable, or unwilling to
travel far, could be accommodated.

My Thanksgiving was passed at
Mystic, with the good friends above
named. Miss Mann was present, and
all went agreeably, as a Thanksgiving
always should.

Washington and the National Deaf-
Mute College were my next stopping
place. This college is one of the many
instances, seen here and there in the
long line of the ages, tending to show
that when the world is ripe, or near
ripe, or prepared to appreciate a for-
ward step in any given direction, then
the man for the occasion appears.
Much has been said of the laws of the
past bearing hard on mutes, but it is
forgotten that the times were barbar-
ous and man, in the aggregate, little
else than an ignorant serf or slave.

Near the close of the eighteenth cen-
tury Europe was awaking to the idea
of freedom, and with that came dimly
the idea of education. It was then
that de l'Epée appeared. In Hart-
ford, many had seen little Alice Cog-
swell, but the idea of making a serious
effort to instruct her entered no mind
save that of T. H. Gallaudet. Thus
when the hour comes the man appears.
Time passed. Institutions started
and flourished, but there was a limit
which, in their very nature, none could
pass. They could not give the higher
and more finished education to their
more advanced graduates. Here a
new want was felt, and the man for
the occasion arose. Edward M. Gal-
laudet proved himself a worthy son of
his noble father and mother. One of
the old Hartford teachers of forty and
more years ago, and now retired, an
associate with Mr. Gallaudet in the
Hartford institution, and who entered
warmly into his plans, told me that
the amount of thought and labor Mr.
Gallaudet went through in giving
form and life to the idea, and carrying
it past its incipient stages, will never
be known. There were jeers and
scoffs, of course, and jealousy and
opposition, and all these had to be
endured or overcome. And we see
the college, to-day, a triumphant suc-
cess and the crowning glory of the
deaf-mute institutions of the land.

I did not ascertain the number in
the primary department, but the col-
lege students now present count fifty-
five. In the matter of literary, philo-
sophical, and other apparatus the col-
lege is abundantly supplied, and more
is added year by year. Among the
professors is Mr. Porter, a Hartford
associate of mine in the long ago.
My time was too limited to look into
more than one class, that of Professor
Fay. On the black-boards were lib-
eral extracts from the German and
from Virgil, and a student was trans-
lating the latter into English, the pro-
fessor and the balance of the class
watching him. As the student pointed
to the words with a finger of his left
hand, and gave the English with his
right, it was curious and a little com-
ical to observe that the Latin needed
as much transposition as do natural
signs when the latter are being turned
into our written language. The college
is a grand success, and here the grad-
uates of the various institutions may
enter and prepare more thoroughly
for the discoveries and improvements
and the higher enjoyments which can-
not now be foreseen, but which the
coming half-century will bring.

On my way home I took occasion
to pass two or three hours in the
Third avenue school building, Chicago.
In this building twelve teachers are
employed, all paid by the city, it be-
ing one of the city schools. Here are
two classes of deaf-mutes, taught by
Prof. P. A. Emery and Mrs. Emery.
These two classes number twenty-five,
and their progress appears good.
They all live at home with their
parents. Mr. and Mrs. Emery are
faithful and devoted teachers, and are
doing commendable service. In due
time, as Illinois adds to its millions,
a State institution will, doubtless, be
established at or near Chicago, and
will work hand in hand with that at
Jacksonville.

In conclusion let me express my
thanks to the teachers and the mutes
generally for the many kindnesses re-
ceived from them. They almost made
me forget, for the time being, that
death had been busy in the past forty
years, and that I was in the midst of
a new generation.

E. BOOTH.

A UNIQUE SERVICE.

THE RITE OF CONFIRMATION ADMINISTERED
TO HALF A DOZEN DEAF-MUTES.

Interesting Ceremonies at Christ Church
Yesterday—Address by Bishop Robert-
son—Interview With Deaf-Mutes Who
Read the Motion of the Lips.

[St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat, Jan. 13, 1879.]

Christ Church, corner of Thirteenth
and Locust streets, was the scene of a
highly interesting service yesterday
afternoon, and one so unique in char-
acter as to draw together a very large
congregation, made up of persons from
various religious denominations. It
was a service to the deaf-mutes, con-
ducted by Rev. A. W. Mann, of
Cleveland, O., one of the three mute
preachers in the country. Right Rev.
Bishop Robertson took part in the
ceremonies, while seated within the
altar rail, in canonicals, were Rev.
George C. Betts, of Trinity Church,
and Rev. Mr. Lawrence, Chaplain of
St. Luke's Hospital.

There were about sixty mutes pres-
ent, a number sufficiently large to in-
dicate that there are more of this un-
fortunate class in the community than
would be ordinarily supposed. Their
infirmary is such that, as a rule, the
circle of their acquaintance is small,
and as a consequence, opportunities
for meeting together and enjoying
themselves in a quiet way—are not to
be overlooked.

AND THEY DO ENJOY THEMSELVES,
for, as a class, they have shown them-
selves able, though crippled in speech
and hearing, to fight the battles of
life as manfully as those curtailed of
none of their powers. Through their
infirmary their remaining faculties are
sharpened and made to supply, in a
measure, the lack, and, as a rule, hav-
ing few exceptions, the mutes are fair-
ly educated, self-sustaining, and a val-
uable factor in society. The men are
apt in business, and the women, also,
if necessarily requires it. Their enjoy-
ment is not of the loudly demonstra-
tive kind, but to see a number of them
together, conveying their thoughts to
each other by the sign-language, any
impression that they are victims of
chronic melancholy would soon be dis-
pelled. Their interchange of thought
is as rapid as though they expressed
themselves by word of mouth. The
sign-language comprises not only the
alphabet, but an almost endless num-
ber of signs designating particular
things, so that a single gesture may
be made as comprehensive as a care-
fully constructed sentence. The gen-
eral impression is that a mute in con-
versation with a fellow-unfortunate
must go through the tedious process
of spelling out all his words, but this
is entirely erroneous, for it is seldom
that the use of the alphabet is render-
ed necessary to convey a desired im-
pression.

As stated, the services were unique,
and rendered more than ordinarily
impressive by the manner in which
they were conducted. There were
two candidates for baptism and six
for confirmation, all, like the officiat-
ing clergyman, Mr. Mann, deaf-mutes.
The ritual, according to the forms of
the Episcopal Church, was reproduced
by Mr. Mann in the sign-language,
and the difference, as compared with
the ordinary church service, was so
grand as to be almost startling. The
silence was profound, and those pres-
ent through curiosity, without a
knowledge of service or sign, had am-
ple opportunity for wonderment. There
was no break in the service for sing-
ing, since those for whom and by whom
it was held could have no appreciation
or means of acquiring knowledge of
the value of song as a part of church
worship.

BISHOP ROBERTSON'S ADDRESS.

In concluding the confirmation ser-
vice, Bishop Robertson addressed the
candidates as follows, his words being
translated by signs, as rapidly as speak-
ing, by Mr. Mann:

I am sorry that I must use this im-
perfect way of telling you how my
heart goes out to you in welcome and
anxiety, as you come to this privilege
of the Christian life. You have been
admitted to it on your solemn decla-
ration before God and the world, that
you renounced, that you are so sorry
as utterly to give up all your wrong
desires and habits and amusements,
and companions of the past, and that
you will steadfastly walk in the ways
of God's commands until the end of
your life. You have promised this.
And so, as a chief pastor in the church,
after the example set by the apostles
of the Lord, I have blessed you, and
prayed that God would confirm you
in your pious purpose, and defend you
in all your Christian life. You must
remember that now you have an
established position to maintain, as a
confirmed member of the church. Our

Heavenly Father, and the church and
the world expects this of you all. If
you remember this day and this vow,
and try every day and everywhere to
live a loving, faithful, Christian life,
doing at home, and in business, in
your social life your duty, so far as
you know it, asking your Father in
Heaven for help, remembering that He
is ever very near you, and that you
must answer to Him for every word
that you say, and everything that you
do, then you will be causing others
to respect religion and the church,
and to desire for themselves its sup-
ports and consolations and hopes.
But if you are careless, and forget
what you have done and promised to
do, then you will not only be harm-
ing yourselves, but you will also be
having an influence for wrong upon
others, and they will keep away
from the church and the Christian
life, because those who are confirmed
are not different, they say, or better
than any others. Be very careful then
about the influences which you cast
all about you. Each one has a sepa-
rate influence which God will hold you
responsible for.

But you cannot do all that you
ought to do, and want to do, by your-
self. You need God's help even when
you have done your own best. Have,
therefore, from this time, these habits
fixed. Pray to God, your Heavenly
Father, every morning and night, for
His protection and help. Confess to
Him all things wherein you have gone
astray. Ask Him for just those things
that you find you need; plead with
Him for His pardon, and for a bless-
ing on all who are dear to you. Thank
Him for all His mercies. Do not neg-
lect this. Have a time for duty. Nev-
er defraud God out of it. Then, next,
have your own Testament or Bible,
and your prayer-book; read a little
out of these regularly every day. You
must all the while be learning more
and more about Christ and your duty
to Him. Persons will ask you ques-
tions about the church and about our
religion, and you ought to be able to
answer them and persuade them to do
their duty. Then, next, be always
careful to be in church for service
whenever you can possibly be present.
And at the holy communion, which our
Lord commanded that all should
receive in remembrance of Him, and
of His great love for us, and which
was intended to strengthen and refresh
us in the Christian life, prepare to
present yourself at the very first op-
portunity when your minister can
bring you to it. You are unworthy,
but, if you come in penitence and love,
you will get great help from it. Then
consecrate a part of your earnings to
God's worship, for the church's sup-
port. You receive very much from
our dear Father, do what you can for
Him. Save, thus, and bring to church,
and make your offering, whether much
or little, at least your best. Then try
to find some person whom you can in-
fluence, by kindness and quiet words,
to begin to come to church and to
lead a better life. You will thus
strengthen your own love while you
are helping others.

You can not be perfect all at once;
but, by constant trying and doing the
best that you can, taking warning by
your mistakes and not doing the same
again, never being ashamed to own
yourself to be a Christian and a church-
man, being truthful, and kind, and
pure, and honorable, so you will find
your way growing easier all the while.
God bless you and keep you true to
your promise, until at last you and I,
if we are faithful, all come to our
heavenly home at last, for Christ's
sake.

A MUTE MISSIONARY.

Before pronouncing the benediction
Bishop Robertson said that his heart
had been touched by the mute teach-
ings witnessed. This was the only
work that was being done in the city
for the mutes. Until these meetings
had been inaugurated they had been
forced to rely upon themselves for
entertainment, advice, or consolation.
Rev. Mr. Mann had begun his minis-
trations some few months ago, and
this large gathering was the result.
All were not residents of the city,
some having come a distance of sev-
enty miles for the coveted privilege of
meeting together. But Mr. Mann had
other fields to labor in, as he minister-
ed to the same class not only in Cleve-
land, where he resided, but in Chicago,
Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Milwaukee,
and other cities. He could be here
only once every six weeks, and in or-
der to retain the organization so suc-
cessfully begun he (the Bishop) had
commissioned one of those just con-
firmed as a lay-reader to perform duty
in the absence of the clergyman. The
Bishop spoke in the highest terms of
the mental acquirements of the one
commissioned, saying that he was a
graduate of the National College for
Mutes, and a successful teacher. Other
dioceses raised funds for prosecuting
the work, but this diocese had been
found too poor to contribute.

MUTE INCIDENTS.

Upon the conclusion of the service,

the reporter proceeded to interview
Mrs. Anna Bailey, an old lady, promi-
nent for the kindly interest she has
shown in the welfare of the mutes.
After detailing how thrifty and indus-
trious they were as a class, and how
marvelously quick they were to acquire
knowledge, she passed the reporter
over to her daughter, Miss Martha
Bailey. The latter gave an interest-
ing account of the progress of the
mutes' meetings that had been held in
Christ Church chapel since August,
1877.

After a few minutes' conversation,
the young lady turned her attention to
some one else; and, when the reporter
sought to secure it again, he found
that he could accomplish nothing by
oral effort.

The mother came to the rescue,
when the daughter, on returning, ex-
cused herself by saying: "I'm as deaf
as a post; I cannot hear myself talk."
"Then how did you understand what
I said?" asked the reporter, forgetting
in his amazement that she could not
hear a word.

"I never find it necessary to use the
signs with Martha," said Mrs. Bailey.
"She was not born deaf, you under-
stand?"

"And you talk right along to her?
And she fully understands you?"
"Oh, yes, perfectly."

The reporter must have shown his
amazement and desire for information,
for the mother said: "It's simple
enough; she reads from my lips."
"Yes, I understand by the motion of
the lips, in the formation of words, what
is said to me."

"A world of study," volunteered the
reporter.

"Of course, the ability to read in
this way could not result from a day's
observation," said Miss Bailey, "but
lack of hearing has no doubt sharpened
my other faculties, and I experience
little trouble now."

Subsequently she turned to Bishop
Robertson and entered into an animat-
ed conversation, and it never would
have occurred to the closest observer
that she had lost the sense of hearing.

MR. DELOS A. SIMPSON,

whom the Bishop had announced as
having been commissioned as reader, was
also briefly interviewed. He is a
young man of an exceptionally fine
mind, according to all accounts, and
has a cordiality in his manner that at
once enlists as friends those with whom
he is brought in contact. As before
stated, he is a graduate of the Nation-
al College for Mutes, and has not only
a thorough English education, but is
proficient in German, French, and Lat-
in. He opened a private school for
mutes December 3, which promises to
be a success. He stated (in writing,) that in Cincinnati the deaf-mute school
was supported by the city. It had
thirty-five pupils, with Prof. McGregor
at their head. Boston, Pittsburgh,
Eric, Chicago, and other cities in the
East made provision for the education
of the mutes, but in St. Louis there
was none.

The Worcester Deaf-Mute Society's Christmas Tree.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you be kind
enough to insert in your worthy paper
about the Christmas tree in our hall?

I thought our secretary, D.W. Cary,
had written to your paper about the
Christmas presents, but, not seeing it,
I will write all about it. The tree was
placed in the center of the hall, which
was trimmed very nicely with ever-
greens, kindly given by Mr. Cyrus L.
Knight, an old deaf-mute, and a farm-
er, of West Boston, Mass. The tree
was tastefully loaded with many val-
uable presents, and all were distrib-
uted by Miss Marion L. Taft, assisted
by Messrs. W. H. Green and D. B.
Howe. All were made happy, being
the recipients of more or less pres-
ents, and thanked the givers for them.

There was a good audience on the
evening of January 1st. Mr. Henry
M. Howe put a very handsome orna-
mented vase on the stand for "Grabs,"
in the hall, and each mute, blinded
with a handkerchief, grabbed one pres-
ent. Every mute received more or
less valuable presents, and after this
they played the rope for kissing, and
other different plays, which I don't
know how to spell. They enjoyed the
evening very much, and went home late.
G.

Masters of One.

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

MARYLAND INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, FREDERICK, Md., Jan. 9, 1879.

My dear Mr. Rider:—I met Dr. Gallaudet in Baltimore on the afternoon of the 7th inst., and would have accompanied him to this place, but important business prevented me from doing so until yesterday afternoon, and I arrived here last night at 7:20. After taking a cup of coffee in haste, I went to All Saints' Church, and found Dr. Gallaudet speaking about the early education of deaf-mutes, and his address was interpreted by Superintendent Ely to his pupils, after which the writer made an address, which was interpreted by Dr. G. to the speaking audience. The church was not very well filled, owing to unfavorable weather.

I will tell you what he has been doing here since his arrival. Last Tuesday night, after his arrival, the superintendent and all the teachers honored Dr. Gallaudet with a splendid supper at the institution. I did not enjoy the supper, on account of my being unavoidably detained in Baltimore. He must have enjoyed it very much. What an honor it was to him. Yesterday morning Dr. G. made some remarks in the chapel, taking for his text "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and he alluded to a long list of distinguished instructors of the deaf and dumb, which, I am told, enchain the attention of the pupils for one hour. What an interesting address it must have been to the pupils. He visited all the classes, and received a call from the Rev. H. W. Ingle, the rector of the church. Yesterday evening Prof. and Mrs. Grow treated him to a very nice supper at their house, near the institution.

After service a gentleman surprised me with his presence in the church, and shook hands with me very hard. I soon recognized him, though I had not seen him for many years. He used to live in Staunton, Va., and we were very warm friends. He is settled here as a doctor. Superintendent Ely and all the teachers and officers have been treating Dr. Gallaudet and his silent companion with great kindness and hospitality.

This institution is beautifully situated, commanding a fine view. Professor Grow is still connected with this institution as a teacher, which position he has held about 27 years. He was once a teacher in the North Carolina institution for several years. Mr. Stoner, the supervisor of the deaf-mute boys, and assistant steward, very kindly offered to wait on me to the institution when he met me in the street, for which he has my thanks.

Professor Grow introduced Mr. Showman, a deaf-mute man, to me in the church. He told me that he lives in this city. He received the light of knowledge at the old American Asylum.

I would most gladly write more, but my time is too much crowded. I have been here but one night. We go to Romney this morning, and will reach there late to-night, after a rough stage ride of 16 miles from Green Spring Run, beyond Cumberland, Md. We are both well. Yours sincerely, Job Turner.

PETERSBURG, Va., Jan. 17, 1879.

My dear Mr. Rider:—Dr. Gallaudet and myself arrived here from Richmond yesterday afternoon, and held a special service in Grace Church last night, which was well filled, and in which was assembled two deaf-mute ladies, Mrs. Tucker, a graduate of the Virginia institution, and Mrs. Adams, formerly Miss Ogden, well known as the wife of the late Mr. Adams, who prosecuted his missionary work in Baltimore, Md., among the deaf-mutes, who still cherish his memory with respect. Another deaf-mute lady was missed from the church, a previous engagement having prevented her from attending the church.

Many sincere thanks to God, we have had services in Frederick, Md., Romney, W. Va., Staunton, Va., and Richmond, Va. We are moving from place to place so fast that I have to write you shorter letters than usual. I will, however, write more fully about our work when our southern tour is over.

We left Frederick for Romney, W. Va., on Thursday morning, January 9th, and reached the latter place about 9 o'clock p. m., after a very cold buggy ride of five hours from the Green Spring station. We crossed several rivers, and passed along several very high cliffs, the country being covered with snow, the weather being bitter cold, and the moon shining splendidly.

Major T. C. Covell received us at the front door with the cordiality and hospitality of a Virginian, and soon introduced us to Mr. Williams, of South Carolina, the steward, Mr. Ferguson, the principal, teacher, and his lady teachers, among whom was Miss Annie Covell, whom I saw a baby in Staunton, Va., and whom I had not seen for several years.

On Friday forenoon Mr. Covell invited Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Ferguson to conduct a short service in the chapel, which they did in the presence of the teachers, and officers, pupils, and a number of ladies and gentlemen from the village. After service the Dr. made some remarks about the missionary work, which Major Covell interpreted to the deaf-mutes. The Dr.'s speech being done, Mr. Covell requested his silent laborer to make an address, which he did.

I was overjoyed at meeting Mr.

Holdridge, of Chichester, and his fine wife, both my old pupils. They are doing well in the world, having a home of their own, and three fine daughters, all speaking.

It filled my heart with joy when I met Mr. Chapin, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College. He and Mr. Chichester showed me some interesting sights, among which was a mound where many Indians lie buried.

Professor Chapin showed me an ancient house, once the property of Lord Fairfax, who surveyed the village of Romney, the King of England having granted him a very extensive tract of land. Dr. Gallaudet and myself passed in sight of his old fort, called Fort Fairfax, before we reached the station.

Professor Chichester invited Messrs. Chapin and Hutter and myself to dine with him and his wife. A nice dinner we enjoyed very much.

Mr. Jacob Hutter, a graduate of the Virginia institution, and a resident of Moorefield, W. Va., travelled about 27 miles to see Dr. Gallaudet and his old teacher.

We left Romney in bitter cold weather, on the night of the 10th, and travelled in a covered wagon all night till 2 o'clock, when we took the cars for Harper's Ferry, which place we reached at 6 o'clock the next morning.

We saw the old fort in which John Brown began the late war.

We reached Staunton, Va., the same evening, and received a most cordial welcome. Dr. Gallaudet was the guest of Colonel and Miss Fanny H. Skinner. The next day he held three services, one in Trinity Church, another in the institution chapel, and the other in the church. We dined with Captain McCoy, at the Virginia institution, and were shown through the buildings. We left Staunton for Richmond on Tuesday night, January 14th, and held a service in the latter place Wednesday night.

On Wednesday forenoon we called on Governor Holliday, of Virginia. He spent out "Glad to see you." He can spell on the fingers as we do.

We made several calls in Richmond. My time is so much limited that I have to stop writing for the JOURNAL.

Yours sincerely,

Job Turner.

THE DEATH OF W. L. BIRD.

The following minute in relation to the death Mr. Wm. L. Bird, of Hartford, Conn., was adopted by the faculty and students of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., at a meeting held on the 15th inst.

It is with sincere sorrow that we receive the intelligence of the death of Mr. Wm. L. Bird, B. A., an *alumnus* of this college; and, while we bow to the will of God, who doeth all things well, we would send expression of our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved wife and friends of our departed brother, and testify to those sterling qualities of mind and heart which made his life so beautiful, and so productive of good to his fellow-men.

The record he left behind him here, as a student and as a man, is a precious legacy to all of us. Taking a commanding position among the highest on our rolls for scholarship, his example has done much to raise the standard of the college, and has been a strong incentive to all who have followed; while his healthful interest in all that pertains to the college life, and his frequent letters of advice and friendship to some, have ever made him an active agent in our work.

Those of us who were brought into personal contact with him, as teachers and as friends, will ever cherish, as worthy of our earnest imitation, the memory of his unaffected modesty, his simplicity of speech and manner, his breadth of mind and calm judgment, his love of truth, the charity he had for all, and the kindness of heart which made him seek for opportunities to aid and encourage the less gifted, whom he saw struggling after a higher life.

In his death we recognize the loss of one of the ablest of our graduates; one who was a growing man, and who, had his young life been prolonged, would have done still greater honor to himself, to the college, and to the world. And we believe that in his untimely end the institution with which he was connected, and the cause of deaf-mute education at large, have lost one of their most enthusiastic and efficient workers, and one who so thoroughly understood the class to whose elevation his life was given as to make his place in the work, as it is in the hearts of his friends, one impossible to fill.

TWO LOAVES OF BREAD.

Harris Marilsky keeps a grocery store at No. 42 Forsyth street, and last Saturday night about eleven o'clock, while he was in his living apartments in the rear, two men entered the store. He heard a noise and, rushing in, was just in time to see one of them escape and the other crouch down behind the counter. The latter was captured and two loaves of bread were found secreted under his coat. Officer O'Leary, of the Tenth precinct, took him in charge, and at the station house it was found that he was a deaf-mute. He gave his name as Leroy Peters, no home. In the Essex Market Police Court yesterday morning Judge Kilbreth had the prisoner read the complaint. In reply he handed the Judge a piece of paper, on which was written, "Judge, Your Honor, me and my friend went into this store to buy some crackers and cheese, when this Jew came out and locked the door and beat me."

Morilsky denied beating the prisoner, and further said that his account book, containing \$5, was gone. No money, save forty-seven cents, was found on the deaf-mute. Peters was held in default of \$300.—N. Y. Herald.

A LETTER FROM WATKINS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Some successive copies of your *mighty* paper have come to us,—twelve days later, owing to the blockaded condition of the railroads, and I had presumed that they would be dry by reason of their old dates, but I could console myself that I should well read them. After I had read them, I found that they satisfied me a good deal. I must say that I will always be very thankful to read such a neatly and excellently made-up paper, and, lastly, I add that I have been keeping the last year's copies of your paper on file. I have become well acquainted with printing business, as I am a compositor in one of the best printing-offices in this vicinity. I will submit, through the columns of the JOURNAL, the following news that will undoubtedly interest your readers.

I am informed that Mr. Joel E. Andrews, of Odessa, six miles from here, defeated Lewis Carley (speaking) in a law-suit recently. He had, for a long time, been wanting to receive the latter's early payments, but, instead, he had frequently been hoaxed. Being more than conscious that Lewis Carley seemed, on purpose, to forgo paying him, Andrews immediately called for a law-suit that should decide the matter at once. There was some sort of devilish ideas to be seen on the part of Lewis Carley, for he said he was ready to appear with his many witnesses, while Mr. Andrews had his wife and Mr. John Minard as his only witnesses. Although the former's witnesses could not prove anything at all, they were trying only to help him. Soon they duly assembled in the rooms of a justice of the peace. Mr. Andrews first wrote to the justice his claims against the said Lewis Carley, which the justice handed to an acting attorney to read before them. But I am not apprised of the full proceedings of the suit. The attorney examined the claims of both parties. A singular incident occurred on the part of Mr. Andrews. When the defendant was trying to build, one by one, "big bubbles," Mr. Andrews wrote to the justice, and then rose to his feet, with his hawk eyes, his red, bloated face, and his bristled hair, chiding the defendant, who had written the note to him. The justice felt fully convinced of the truth and sincerity of Mr. Andrews' declaration, and the more so when the attorney declared that the claims of the defendant were too thin. The suit lasted for six hours, and then the justice adjourned, saying that he would be able to decide in the morning.

The day followed and Mr. Andrews found that a verdict was rendered in his favor. I must not omit to say that his son, Edgar, had occasion, and he will, hereafter, be very useful to defend his father. Some weeks ago I became acquainted with Mr. William S. Martin, of this place. He could speak, but was obliged to be written to, and, therefore, I deem him to be a semi-mute. Yet he can talk with his wife and children, and can read from their lips. He is a farmer, and a dairyman. The other day I called on him at his house. Soon he invited me to look about it and in his barn, and thence I found it to be very large and well planned. I understand that he is keeping thirty-five milch cows, and is selling milk to our people. Every thing (outside and inside the barn) appeared very orderly, pleasing me much, but it is not within the power of my pen to describe them any longer. I offered him a copy of the JOURNAL for a week, and accordingly he took it to read. The week following he returned it, saying that it was very good, and "winked" at your "Mutual Auxiliary." He seems very eager to learn something about the progress and system of our class, and I believe that he will perhaps take your paper.

Mr. Nehemiah Denton, of Geneva, who had made a good many visits about our streets, stopped last Wednesday over night with me. He told us many funny and interesting incidents which occurred during his recent travels in the eastern part of this State. On the Thursday following he left for Geneva on the steamer Onondaga, notwithstanding the very blustering wind from the north-east, but we knew of his safe arrival, as the steamer came down the next day. I shall be very glad to see him again in Watkins. He is always welcome, being a good "windmill."

Mr. John Dougherty, of this village, arrived home last Sunday, and resumed last, after a three weeks' visit among his relatives and friends in the southern tier of counties. He looks quite corpulent. Mr. George W. Baker, an old graduate of the New York Institution, who had been selling throughout the country, dropped in here to-day, and found himself well patronized. He called upon me at the Democrat office, as well as upon other deaf-mutes here. He could not spare time to stay here longer, and took the 6:40 p. m. train for Elmira.

I learn that Mr. John Minard has engaged to a leading grocer and meat-dealer, for butchering next spring. Should he move down and live here, he and his wife would be two additions to our deaf and dumb population in this village. Yours respectfully, RUSSELL SMITH.

Watkins, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1879.

Do Not Tell People of Their Defects.

HAPPY HOME, Jan. 21, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your pack of manual alphabet cards came to hand all right to-day.

One of the most interesting and best mute newspapers is the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, which seems to grow better

and more bright as the years roll by. It is an excellent mute family paper. Every mute household should be provided with a copy of it.

I wish you abundant success during your long life.

It is not discreet to tell, everywhere and to everybody, what you think of others, and how you feel towards them. You ought, indeed, to entertain no feelings towards others but what are just, kind, and charitable. Men do not love to have all the defects of their character held up to the view of the world, and if they hear that you do it, without a good reason, they will dislike you, however excellent you may be, in other respects. If you ridicule, in their hearing, the defects of others, in body or in mind, they at once conclude you will treat them in the same manner as soon as you get a chance. They may laugh at your wit when it is aimed against others, but they will, at heart, have a poor opinion of your disposition and character. Mr. Editor it is not for you, indeed, only for some other. Yours truly, ROSEBUD.

PROPHET BOND A FAILURE.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16, 1879.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I was extremely interested in the kind criticism passed upon me, in a late issue of the JOURNAL, by that great literary curiosity W. A. Bond. Though at first not inclined to pay any attention to the vain boasting and swearing of such a worthless fellow, I have finally come to the conclusion that should I extend my generosity so far as to shield his ignorance I might raise up against myself a host of enemies, who would suppose my silence gave consent to Mr. Bond's insinuations of my being "Milo" and "Vorago." What it may be that prompts Mr. B. to use my name in such a free and disrespectful manner I have not the least idea, nor do I care to learn. It cannot be that he means any thing good towards our Washington college friends, for he said many things ill of them and their college a year or two ago, in a debate held by the Manhattan Literary Association. In this debate Mr. B. used all the common sense he possessed, and then added a good deal of nonsense in his endeavors to prove that the "Washington Primary School" for deaf-mutes, as he called it, was a humbug and the students ignoramus. This will serve to show that his intention was not to help the college, but to gratify a petty spite against a person who has never harmed him. May be it is his dogmatical disposition and fondness for argument that tempts him to use his genius in "bagging the fox?" Though he has not yet succeeded in doing this, I will own that he certainly is entitled to a place among the stimulants of the deaf-mute world, and it is probable that in exercising his impulses he produces beneficial effects. But it would puzzle a philosopher to designate the wholesome results which follow from his turbulent movements, or to show either by synthesis or analysis wherein he is good. At any rate he enjoys the rather enviable reputation of being a trouble-some fellow in the circles upon which he inflicts himself, and, judging from the evidence elicited on the subject, there is little reason to doubt the fact. It is, therefore, not surprising that he should try to find fault with a person whom circumstances have indirectly conspired to place antagonistic to him, and once finding cause for complaint he will use every power to obtain revenge. There are some individuals with noses as keen as that of a beagle; but whether they derive more of pleasure or pain from the faculty is a question easily answered when the multiplicity of odors is called to mind. To be what the Scotch term "nose-wise," sometimes, it is true, answers a useful purpose in preventing people in the dark from drinking out of the wrong bottle, and from administering the wrong physic. But such occasions for the advantageous employment of the proboscis are not of every day occurrence, and, on the general average, its exquisite organization is an almost unmitigated nuisance to him who, being bereft of brains and unable to reason for himself, is forced to follow a nose so delicately constituted, so frequently discontented, and so intolerably fastidious. Misfortune, however, will sometimes happen to those people who get all their wisdom through the nose. The loftiest nose may be brought to be obliged to own their errors. So when Mr. B. swears that he has smelt the fox under the cover of "Milo" and "Vorago," and finds that his boasted faculty has betrayed him, then it is time for him to throw off the mask of pretended genius and own that he is an ass. This is not the first time that Mr. B. has done some tall swearing, neither is it his first failure. Though he may, in his own estimation, be a genius, and above the common horde who surround him, yet he is rather undeveloped and needs polishing. I have herein said sufficient to vindicate my name, and, as I feel sure that Mr. B. will soon hear from the real "Milo" and "Vorago," I feel contented.

THOMAS FRANK FOX.

Explanations.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Hearing that some students at the National Deaf-Mute College have become muddled as to my real purpose in writing against Mr. Dougherty, and charged that I was attacking the college, I write to correct this error, and to express the hope that they will clear their minds of these false impressions.

I was only defending my *dma mater* from unjust reflections made upon her by Mr. Dougherty. He made an un-

just comparison between the New York and Ohio Institutions, from the number of students that have gone to the college from them. Of course some out of so many students can give credit to their institutions. Their opinion of my writing against the college filled me with surprise. How could I have written against the dear college when I was greatly benefited, enjoyed the free education, and was taught by tutors who are not surpassed by teachers in any institution for the deaf and dumb?

Some time ago Mr. George, of Chicago, wrote a three column article declaring that the college was not a humbug. It was hinted to the New York boys. It must be confessed that the majority of them used to think that the college was merely a humbug; but they do not think so now, having learned better from what they talked with Harry White, a deaf-mute. He is declared by them to be extraordinary for a deaf-mute. The boys and girls were so impressed with his intelligence that they were compelled to consider the college not a humbug, but a true college. As a deaf-mute White reflects the highest credit upon the college, and, as a semi-mute, Mr. Greene, of Canada, who made a splendid oration at the New York convention two years ago, does the same.

JOHN F. DONNELLY.

D. W. Rises to Explain.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Fox is fully able to take care of himself in this matter, but I do not see how he, as a gentleman, could dignify such an article by making a public reply. A more striking instance could hardly be found of crow calling crow black than Mr. Bond's accusing Mr. Fox of indulging in "dirty wrangles," and exhibiting filthy, "polluted brains." It is highly entertaining to see the indignant crow calling the other "Dirty! Dirty! Dirty!!" After all, his appeal, in behalf of the "innocent readers of the JOURNAL," against filling its columns with "such pollution," is very touching! And what pollution? He instances "Milo's" (whom he presumes to be Mr. Fox) remark concerning Mr. Dougherty's sitting down in a hornet's nest at a time when his mother had forgotten to mend a hole in those premises—to patch up a hole in his pantaloons. Mr. Bond knows well enough that this is a pretty strong figurative expression, and a specimen of keen sarcasm, without any tinge of vulgarity, but he chooses to call it pollution. Only a polluted mind could do so. It is only another expression for "barking up the wrong tree," or sitting on a log and finding it a live alligator. However, I take this occasion to say to Mr. Dougherty that I had no intention of being a hornet's nest to him; in fact, I didn't think I was. I merely wanted to call his attention to the fact that, as New York had, for some reason, sent few of her boys, and none of her brightest, to our college, it was extremely unfair to compare the record of her boys with those of the boys from other States,—not only unfair but injurious to the amicable relations that were just springing up between the college boys and the New York boys.

To "Milo" I would say that I never thought a man's agreeing with me on a mere matter of taste was beslobbering me. I would not slobber if he didn't agree with me.

Mr. Bond, further on in his article, shows what a fine model of gentlemanly address he is, by calling Mr. Fox a "four-footed Dutchman," and accuses him of telling a "sweeping falsehood." That same Mr. Bond, in that same article, declares that the JOURNAL should not be made a cock-pit for bitter personal disputes. Any one after reading that article would wonder why he so persistently sets the example.

Mr. Dougherty and "Milo" had said all that was necessary to be said in the JOURNAL, and they both agreed to finish their little scrimmage in private. This arrangement did not suit the gentleman on Skillman avenue. He wanted to see the fun. In one place he says the innocent readers ought to be spared the exhibition of bitter personal disputes; in another he rises to declare a private correspondence entirely out of order! Which is which? It is needless to add that when a discussion is narrowed down to a personal dispute it is none of his business if the contestants choose to withdraw from the public gaze.

Mr. Bond is, again, too fast in announcing that "Milo" threw up the sponge, and that he was ready to continue that personal squabble in private correspondence. He forgets that Mr. Dougherty ended his last article by declaring his intention to leave the last word to "Milo" if "Milo" wanted it. "Milo" did put in that last word, and retired from the field decently and in good order.

So, I rise to a point of order. The gentleman of Skillman avenue is out of order in personally abusing the gentleman from the New York Institution.

Yours for decency,

D. W. GEORGE.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 15, 1879.

POPULAR SONGS.

Will L. Thompson's songs have recently become so popular that a music firm in Boston has been compelled to order fifteen thousand copies of the following pieces to supply the demand:

"Gathering Shells from the Sea Shore."
"Drifting with the Tide."
"The Poor Old Tramp."

Each piece is a beautiful Song and Chorus. Any music dealer will mail them to your address on receipt of price, 40 cents each. Published by W. L. THOMPSON & CO., East Liverpool, Ohio.

SUNDAY READING.

Think truly, and thy thought
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble deed.

Pride is a statue whose pedestal is ignorance: take away the pedestal and down falls the statue.

Cato used to say an angry man and a fool distinguish themselves only in time, for the one is only not so long a fool as the other.

There are some minds so impatient of inferiority that their gratitude is a species of revenge, and they return benefits, not because recompense is a pleasure but because obligation is a pain.

One of the sweetest passages in the country is this one: "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It is not often preached from; perhaps because it is felt to be so much richer and more touching than anything we ministers can say about it. But what a vivid idea it gives of the Divine support! The first idea of infancy is resting in arms which maternal love never allows to become weary. Sick-room experiences confirm the impression when we have seen a feeble mother or sister lifted from the bed of pain by the stronger ones of the household. In the case of our heavenly Father the arms are felt, not seen. The invisible secret support comes to the soul in its hours of weakness and trouble; for God knows our feebleness, He remembers we are but dust. We often sink very low under the weight of sorrows. Sudden disappointments can carry us in an hour, from the heights down to the very depths. Props that we leaned upon are stricken away. What God means by it very often is just to bring us down to "the everlasting arms!" We did not feel our need of them before. We were "making flesh our arm," and relying on human comfort or resources.

A MEMORIAL OF THE LORD'S PASSOVER.

With a sense of solemn pleasure I have come to invite your attention to the promise which I desire you all to hear, for it follows the text. The words are to be found in the twelfth chapter of Exodus, the thirteenth and fourteenth verses:

"And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you, to destroy you when I smite the land of Egypt. And this day shall be unto you for a memorial; and ye shall keep it a feast to the Lord throughout your generations; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance forever."

It is a great thing to know why the Lord directed Moses and Aaron to observe the first passover. Just read what the Lord, who has been faithful to His promises, said unto Moses and his brother, the priest, to institute a passover which took place, for the first time, according to the new style of our calendar, the latter part of the month of March and the first of April, and the work began between the middle of the evening, so called, the middle of the afternoon to the setting of the sun, when a lamb, without blemish, was killed. The blood thereof was used to sprinkle the lintel and two posts of the door of the houses after every man was provided with a lamb, several days previously, according to the number of the souls that would consume a lamb at a meal.

It was the custom of the Jews, as well as the Gentiles, to eat raw flesh. But this passover was inaugurated for the special purpose. So the Lord ordered it to be roasted, for every circumcised person to eat.

The Gentiles, or rather uncircumcised people, were not recognized and invited to partake of the roasted flesh, for they were not to adopt any such practice, i. e., to eat raw flesh in religious services. Here you and I have said of Christ, His name is Wonderful, Wisdom, and Righteousness, indeed, for we have recollected, of the golden rules, which are found in the Bible, that Christ is said to be a Prince and Passover. And the lamb is typified as the paschal lamb; and it was also a type of Christ, and the blood of the Lamb was not only figurative, but a token of our Savior's, which was shed for the remission of our sins.

Command on the door posts and the lintel, was typical of the blood of the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ also, and God passes over it, and spares and saves those who obey God and keep His commandments, whereby we are taught to live a holy life, and also the necessity of union and faith in Jesus Christ, and also of reliance upon the atonement of His death for salvation.

How happy are we if our works are known and accepted of Christ! We are no idle Christians. We have practical godliness. We seek, by works of piety, to obey God's command, to celebrate the Lord's passover, which is only a memorial or a means of keeping us in remembrance of His promise through our Christian pilgrimage. By works of charity we should manifest our love to God, and by works of devotion we are to show our attachment to the cause of our Master. If we are merely Christians by profession, we are not Christians. Because the Lord is our Passover. The Lord has declared, "I know thy works." When some Christians say "I have many religious thoughts and earnest Christian desires, but do not care to express them, for fear of being considered ridiculous," why should you keep them in a dungeon under lock and key? Why keep them buried up in

the dark recesses of the soul? Let our thoughts and desires for the salvation of men be incarnated in living words, and we may know, by experience, the truth of the promise: "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

If the infinite God listens to every word that is made known for Him—if a book of remembrance is written before Him for those who fear the Lord and think upon His name, what stimulus is this for religious conversation! Without this can we be Christians?

Let us consider the two states of life we have inherited, that of wakefulness and that of sleep. While awake, we engage ourselves in all duties, secular, and religious—pursuits of life. As to sleep, this is Nature's noble restorer to all physical and mental powers. Sleep keeps the power of life as food does of the body. The law of slumber is curious, and is also essential for the good working-order of the soul and heart. Now the food is the nourishment of the body; so is the spiritual food which is for the spiritual edification. Indeed, so it is with prayer, praise, and thanksgiving, by which life is sustained. In the meanwhile you are building for eternity. I hope you have erected a structure of hope in which you may have learned about the interests of your soul.

It appears that the Lord commands His disciples to meet together in His name to prove that the resurrection of Christ is to be the chief doctrine of Christianity. But I thank God that I have learned to understand that the ceremony of the paschal lamb was purely typical of the atonement of Christ, who, alone, by authority, appointed the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. The ceremony is to be administered in remembrance of Him, of His love, and His sufferings for our sins, which are forgiven in His blood, and as a representation of His body broken and His blood shed with a view to purchase the blessing of the new covenant, and of the method by which we are made partakers of this salvation, and we are to eat His flesh spiritually and drink His blood, which, through grace, strengthen our faith in the Son of God. I remember a friend of mine informing me of a strange strain of thought in celebrating the Lord's Supper, proving that "the guilty of the body and blood of the Lord" would find his way to Him.

Who taught him so? The Apostle Paul must have meant that the bread and wine should be received in solemn believing and reverential disposition. Then he says "It is well enough, sir, to look to Jesus Christ, and there is mercy for him." Repentance and baptism would also find him a way to heaven. But suppose you cannot look. What then? If your eye is blind, Oh, my friends, are we spiritually blind? Let us turn our restless eyes to the cross, so that the light may cause us to see if we are so blind.

He asks nothing of us, and He bids us now believe that He died for us, and commanded us to meet together to celebrate the Lord's Supper with prayer and thanksgiving. Is not this little that He asks? Come, let us cast ourselves upon Him; fall flat on His promise; sink or swim. Confide in Him. How wonderful, how merciful, and how wise is God! He knows the present, the past, and the future. He does all things rightly. Then let us love, fear, and trust in this good, wise, and powerful Jehovah. We are safe under God's keeping.

Missed by His Friends.

The following article was taken from the *Herald and Record*, published at Damariscotta, Me.: "The Principal of the American Asylum for Deaf and Dumb in Knox and Lincoln counties, under the age of twenty-five years, who are educated, in order that they may be admitted to that institution. The town authorities or any person who know of any uneducated deaf-mute, in this or Knox county, will confer a favor by sending a postal card to the principal at Hartford, Conn., giving age and name of mute, and name and post-office address of the mute's parents."

I had sent a note to Mr. Stone informing him of a few uneducated mutings in this (Lincoln) county, and in answer to it, I think, and a request to inform him of any others that I had become aware of. The very week that the above article was published brought me the sad news of his death, and, O, what a loss we have sustained! One well-nigh irreparable. What can give us again the kind and loving sympathy that he always gave us? He was always ready and willing to aid us by all means in his power. Personally, his kind and loving words have, under God's grace, made me a wiser and a better man, I sincerely hope. I never read a note from him without feeling the better for it. His loving-kindness made itself felt everywhere, and in the hearts of the deaf and dumb his memory will ever be kept fresh and green. In the words of the lamented Lincoln, he was with "Malice towards none, with charity towards all." His afflicted family and relatives will have the sincere sympathy of all the deaf and dumb, as well as that of

RAMBLER.

—John W. Hall was inaugurated Governor of Delaware on the 21st of January.

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

